

Send More Paramedics, The Hordes

Resurrect
Advancing through the gloom
Reanimate
Putrescence given living form
Malevolent
A hideous malignity
Assails your sight
And chills your soul
Mass-exhumation of a field of dead remains
A horde of revenants is baying to devour your brains

When there's no more room in hell
The dead will walk the earth

Skeletal
Erupting from the ground
Dead voices raised
In symphony of evil sound
Demise of soul
A ruinous cacophony
To fill your mind
With mortal dread
Reanimation of the recently deceased
Dead hands find coffin lids and hammer wildly for their release

Here come the hordes
They're on the march again
Bringing black terror to the world of men
Post-mortal multitude that flocks to human flesh
Here come the hordes
Here come the hordes

Walking dead
With suppurating wounds
Disfigured shapes
Illuminated by the moon
A reckless haste
To feast on human flesh and blood
All thought erased
Except of you
Freak disinterment of the dear departed dead
Your late lamented relatives are racing to devour your head

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Carrion
Inspired to live again
A rotten horde
Disintegrating forms of men
Their victims rise
Infected by the evil plague
To swell the ranks
Of the undead
A spectacle so chilling human minds can scarcely bear
A panorama drawn in hell that proffers nothing but deep despair

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